

MR. E. Z. MARK IS PUT NEXT TO A NEW GAME

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1. STRANGER—You're Mr. Mark, aren't you? Say, there is a new bunco game you want to look out for. A man comes into your office, representing himself to be your next-door neighbor, and asks you to change a one-thousand-dollar note. You change the note.



2. STRANGER—Now, the one-thousand-dollar note he gives you is perfectly good. However, in a little while the man will return and tell you he does not need the change and ask for the one-thousand-dollar note. The money he returns you is NOT THE SAME MONEY YOU GAVE HIM IN CHANGE, BUT RANK COUNTERFEIT.



3. ANOTHER STRANGER (later)—Mr. Mark, your neighbor, Mr. Dobbs, asks if you will kindly change this one-thousand-dollar bill for him? MR. E. Z. (aside)—Ha, ha, now here is where I get square with a bunco stealer. I'll change the note and when he comes back to play the second half of the trick I'll nab him. (Aloud) Most assuredly, sir.



4. MR. E. Z. (to detective)—Now, you hide behind the door and when he returns with the counterfeit money you nab him. See? DETECTIVE—Will you let me see that one-thousand-dollar note, Mr. Mark? Ah, just as I thought, Mr. Mark, that man will NEVER return. THIS ONE-THOUSAND-DOLLAR BILL IS A COUNTERFEIT.

BRAGGO THE MONK



1. I HAVE JUST PERFECTED MY WONDERFUL "HUNGER PILL." IT WILL POSITIVELY DO AWAY WITH THE NECESSITY OF EATING! I HAVE TRIED IT ON FIDO FOR A WEEK WITH WONDERFUL SUCCESS!



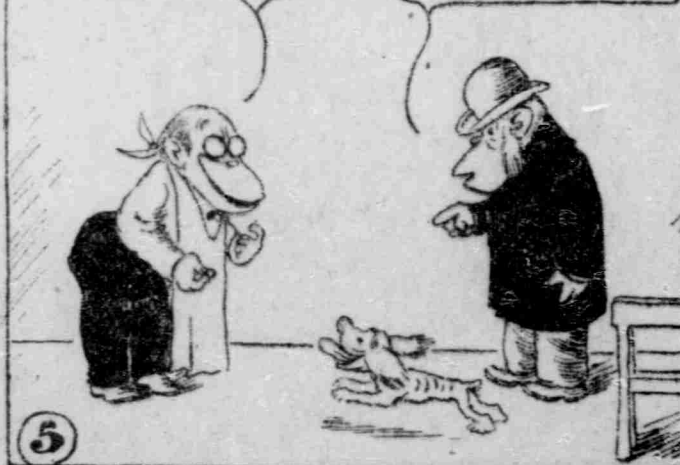
2. TO ME, BRAGGO, COMES THE DISTINGUISHED HONOR OF THIS REMARKABLE DISCOVERY!



3. IT IS A MIXTURE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS EXPLOSIVES AND SUBTLE CHEMICALS, BUT SO COMPOUNDED THAT THEY ARE ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS!



4. BEHOLD THE THOUGHT-BOX WHENCE THIS STUPENDOUS IDEA EMANATED!



5. NOW I'LL SHOW YOU HOW THE DOG CRIES FOR IT.—THE ONLY FOOD, MEAT AND DRINK, HE'S HAD FOR A WEEK!



6. AREN'T YOU AFRAID IT MIGHT BE VERY HARMFUL TO FEED SUCH A DANGEROUS DOSE TO HUMAN BEINGS OR ANIMALS?

He Discovers a Chemical Marvel.

Mrs. Christopher Columbus.

By HARRY GRAHAM.

THE bride grows pale beneath her veil. The matron, for the nonce, is dumb. Who listens to the tragic tale. Of Mrs. Christopher Columbus. Who lived and died (so says report) A widow of the herbal sort.

HER husband upon canvas wings Would brave the ocean, tempest-tossed; He had a quite for finding things. Which nobody had ever lost. And Mrs. C. grew almost frantic When he discovered the Atlantic.

BUT nothing she could do or say Would keep her Christopher at home; Without delay he sailed away Across what poets call "the foam." While neighbors murmured, "What a shame!"— And wished their husbands did the same.

HE ventured on the highest C's That reared their heads above the bar. Knowing the compass and the quays Like any operative star; And funny friends who watched him do so Would call him "Robinson Crusoe."

BUT Mrs. C. remained indoors. And poked the fire, and wound the clocks. Amused the children, scrubbed the floors. Or darned her absent husband's socks. (For she was far too sweet and wise To darn the great explorer's eyes.)

AND when she chanced to look around At all the couples she had known, And realized how few had found A home as peaceful as her own, She saw how pleasant it may be To wed a chronic absentee.

HER husband's absence she enjoyed. Nor ever asked him where he went. Thinking him harmlessly employed Discovering some continent. (Had he been always in, no doubt. Some day she would have found him out.)

A MELANCHOLY thing it is How few have known or understood The manifold advantages Of such herbaceous widowhood! (What is it ruins married lives But husbands—not to mention wives?)

O WEDDED couples of to-day. Pray take these principles to heart. And copy the Columbian way Of living happily apart. And so, to you, at any rate, Shall marriage be a "blessed state."

Dictionary of Misinformation.

By WEX JONES, Lexicographer.

BIDGE—A structure designed to obstruct the crossing of a river. Boss—What's kept you so late? Boy—Bridge.

CITY—A place where people try to live as much as possible like rabbits in a hutch, and feel sorry for the poor folks condemned to live like human beings in the country.

CONSTITUTION—A punching bag for the Executive.

COUNTRY—A place full of bugs and scenery; largely boosted by the poets—most of whom live in a steam-heated flat.

LITERATURE—Anything that isn't read. NEO-LITERATURE—Phrases that sell the goods.

Do you love this old chap? HE EATS FRESCO.

OPERA—An entertainment at which one man sings louder than the rest talk.

I will kill you! He will kill me! He will kill him!

I am about— I am about— I am about—

To stab you! He is about— He is about— He is about—

To stab me! With this dagger—

With this dagger— With that, with this dagger!!

Die, villain, die! Die, die, die! I die, I die! Die, die, die! I die!

I'm dead!! He dies! He's dead!! Assassination scene from *Corinne*.

SHORT STORY—A number of words un- readily set against figured illustrations.

"I love you," he whispered softly. She did not speak.

"Hark, the Christmas chiming!" She did not say a word.

"Darling!" he breathed softly in her ear. She did not move.

"My sweet, say you love me," he whispered in her ear-like ear.

She made no response. "If you do not answer, I shall kill myself," he said in a low, determined voice.

She made no sign of having heard. Hastily making into the kitchen, he swallowed a poison pie. "She loves me not," she cried, and released it just from the voice of this world, and with a crash to the floor.

Still she did not move. She was alone dead.—*Short Tales.*

LOVE—A dream we all believe in. A fruitful theme for the poets.

I fed within a vague unrest. A churning furnace in my breast; Woeful, I tore from common things. And in my ears a ringing ring;

Things dance before my veiling eyes; No more the world's acclaim I prize. The doctor offers a suggestion— I love—or else I've indignation.

SENATOR—One who represents a State in the Senate.

Locally (in New York)—Two who don't represent a State in the Senate.

VESTIBULE—What you don't see on New York street cars.

HUDSON—A stream of water flowing over tunnels.

The Hall-Room Boys.

THEY DO IT ON \$9.50 PER.

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MONDAY. OH—I'M JUST ROLLING IN MONEY. HERE'S A DIME—TWO DIME:— HAY, A NICKEL AND THREE CENTS AS I LIVE. WE'LL DINE AT THE ST. SOAKS WITH ALL THIS WEALTH. I'VE AN INSPIRATION. THE MILLIONBUCK GIRLS ARE COMING DOWN THE AVENUE. SEE THEM? WE'LL WALK HOME WITH THEM AND PER- HAPS THEY WILL ASK US IN TO DINNER.



WELL GOOD NIGHT GIRLS. WE HAD A LATE LUNCH. I DELS FOR SOCIALLY'S SAKE, WE'LL ACCEPT YOUR KIND INVITATION. MISS MILLIONBUCKS.



TUESDAY. WELL FERG, OUR SCHEME WORKED SO FINE LAST NIGHT. HOW ABOUT TRYING IT AGAIN. THE SPONDOOLIX GIRL ATTEND SOME KIND OF A LITERARY CLUB ON THE AVENUE ON TUESDAYS AND THEY COME HOME JUST ABOUT THIS TIME. WE'LL ACCIDENTALLY MEET THEM ON THE WAY OVER, AND PERHAPS OUR PLEASANT EXPERIENCE OF LAST NIGHT MAY BE RE-PEATED.



WELL GIRLS, I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO BE SAYING GOOD BYE. WE DINE AT 8, AND I'M A FIRM BELIEVER IN THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING REGULAR IN MEALS. SO OUR TIME IS ENTIRELY STOP TO SUPPER? AH—WE WOULD BE CHARMED TO HAVE ANY PREVIOUS SUPPER ENGAGEMENT FERGIE? MY MEMORY IS SO SHORT.



SATURDAY. WELL FERG, OLD BOY, WE'VE FED UP PRETTY WELL THIS WEEK. YOU'LL HAVE TO ADMIT THIS TIME MY SCHEME PULLED THROUGH WITHOUT A HITCH. TO-NIGHT WILL MAKE A FITTING WIND-UP. G. WHATAWAD SAYS HE EXPECTS ABOUT 30 TO HIS SISTER'S BIRTH-DAY DINNER AT BILLIONBUCKS. GEE! I WON'T DO A THING BUT EAT.



ARE YOU ACQUAINTED WITH THE HALL-ROOM BOYS, MISS EIRESS? OH YES, WE WERE INTRO- DUCED AT MISS MILLIONBUCKS LAST MONDAY. THE BOYS SEEMED TO ENJOY A DINNER AND FRIDAY AT OUR HOUSE. THEY WERE AT OUR HOUSE TO DINNER TUESDAY NIGHT. SO YOU HAVEN'T THE MONOPOLY OF THE BOYS ALTOGETHER. YOU DON'T SAY! THEY WERE AT OUR HOUSE WEDNESDAY NIGHT. THEY SEEM TO BE VERY MUCH IN DEMAND. WE HAD THEM ON THURSDAY NIGHT. HA! HA!

Their Meal Scheme Works—But—

MR. E. Z. MARK ASSISTS THE ARTIST.

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1. STRANGER—Mr. Mark, I am D'Auber, the celebrated portrait painter. I have been commissioned by the Society of the Daughters of the Planet—of which Mrs. Mark is president—to paint her portrait. They intend presenting it to her at her next election. They wish the fact kept secret from Mrs. Mark.



2. STRANGER—I have the portrait well under way and all I now need is some little trinket, some little jeweled ornament belonging to Mrs. Mark, that I can incorporate in the picture and thus lend an individuality to the portrait. A necklace or anything of that kind will do.



3. MR. E. Z. (returning)—Here are the very things. This beautiful pearl necklace and this diamond dog collar. Mrs. Mark is very proud of them, and it will delight her to see them reproduced in her portrait. You will take great care of them, I'm sure. STRANGER—Oh, thank you, Mr. Mark. I will return them in a day or two.



4. MRS. MARK (later)—Oh, E. Z., E. Z.! My dog collar and my pearl necklace are gone! WHAT? You loaned them to an artist who is painting my portrait? Society of the Daughters of the Planet? There is no such society, and I'm not its president. Oh, you idiot! This is the last straw! I'm done with you FOREVER!